

RUSSIA BEGINS THE OFFENSIVE ON ALL HER FRONTS

# The Daily Mirror

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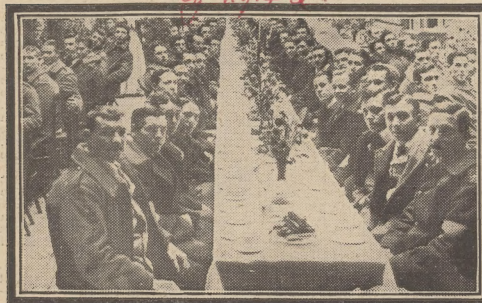
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1916

One Halfpenny.

THE KING ENTERTAINS WOUNDED WARRIORS: PRINCE ALBERT  
ACTS AS WAITER TO HIS FATHER'S GUESTS.



The Duchess of Sutherland wearing her white apron.



Tea was served on long tables bright with daffodils.

The first of the entertainments which the King and Queen are giving to wounded sailors and soldiers took place in the riding school at Buckingham Palace yesterday, the guests numbering about 800. There was an all-star variety entertainment consisting of twelve



The King among his guests. With the Queen, he passed round the tables talking to the men.



Prince Albert, who wore naval uniform, carrying a teapot. It was all very informal.

"turns," followed by a sumptuous tea, at which Prince Albert was one of the waiters. He had a number of distinguished assistants, among whom was the Duchess of Sutherland.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



# LORD DERBY DECLARES THE CALL TO UNARMED GROUPS MUST GO FORTH

Husbands' Deputation Disappointed with Interview.

"GENERAL COMPULSION."

Will All Groups Be Called This Week-End?

Lord Derby last night received a deputation of representatives of the Union of Attested Married Men at the War Office and consulted with them for nearly two hours on the question of their early call for military service.

The deputation retired extremely disappointed at the result of their mission.

The proceedings were private, but the leaders of the deputation made a statement to Press representatives as to what occurred.

Lord Derby insisted that the deputation should keep to the one point, that of the single men and as to how his place had been broken in regard to the single men.

Mr. H. Biner pointed out that Lord Derby's report spoke of 2,200,000 single men available, and the Army only wanted about a million, therefore sufficient single men ought to be available.

The single men, Mr. Biner urged, should go into the Army and the married men in the munition factories.

Lord Derby said his own personal view had always been that, no matter whether a man was married or single, he should be prepared to defend his country.

## NO SACRIFICE OF TRADE.

He was asked to clear out practically at a moment's notice the private, but the leaders of the deputation made a statement to Press representatives as to what occurred.

It would take some time before married men became as efficient, and it had to be remembered that the supply of munitions was absolutely necessary.

The exigencies of the military situation were such that the War Office could not wait, and in the meantime the calls must go forth to the married men.

Lord Derby impressed upon the deputation the fact that attested married men had the same privilege of appealing to the tribunals as the single men had. The domestic and financial position of the country would be carefully considered.

He assured the deputation that only those men would be called to the colours who could be spared from munitions or trade. "I will move one hour," declared Lord Derby, "to sacrifice the trade of the country."

## ALL GROUPS TO BE CALLED.

It is understood that, according to present arrangements, it is the intention of the War Office to summon all the men in the married groups to the colours immediately.

Whilst no date is mentioned at the moment, it is said a proclamation to this effect may be issued either on Saturday or Monday.

The information, says the Central News, is communicated with reserve, but inquiries in high quarters last night elicited that the delay in calling up the groups cannot be extended beyond ten days or a fortnight at the most.

## CALL FOR GENERAL COMPULSION.

At the House of Commons last night meetings were held of the war committees of the Unionist and Liberal parties.

At the Liberal meeting, over which Sir F. C. Lewis presided, the following resolution was passed:

"That as the number of single men provided by the Military Service Act is not sufficient to meet national requirements, the principle of compulsion should be extended to married men, and that such a measure should be accompanied by State provision in respect of certain obligations of enlisted men."

"That any amendment of the Military Service Act should include a provision for bringing within the province of the Act all men who have attained the age of eighteen years since August 15, 1915, or who may attain that age during the continuance of the war."

## NINEPENNY LOAF WITHIN A WEEK.

"I think you can fairly anticipate a ninepenny loaf within a week," said Mr. F. C. Finch, secretary of the London Master Bakers' Protection Society, to a Press representative yesterday.

"In fact, I am sure this will be the case. The fall of 2s. in the price of wheat yesterday, coupled with the previous decline in prices, will undoubtedly result in bread being cheaper."

The North London bakers have decided to reduce the 9d. loaf to 8d. from yesterday on condition that it is purchased at the shop.

## NEWSBOY V.C.'S HOMECOMING.

Private G. Wilson, V.C., of the Highland Light Infantry, formerly an Edinburgh newsboy, arrived at a Middleton hospital yesterday suffering from a wound and poison gas.

He was awarded his V.C. for killing seven Germans and capturing a gun.

## HAPPY WARRIORS.

Mirth and Merriment at the King's Entertainment to Wounded.

## PRINCESSES SERVE TEA.

There was a pleasant absence of formality about the entertainment given yesterday by the King and Queen to eight or nine hundred of his Majesty's wounded soldiers at Buckingham Palace.

In the marquee outside the riding school, in which tea was given, there were six sets of tables.

Each group was presided over by a member of the Royal Family—Princess Mary, the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Alexandra of Teck, and Princess Maud, and ladies and gentlemen of the Court who formed the body of waiters and waitresses under their command included the Duchess of Devonshire, the Marchioness of Langdowne, the Duchess of Sutherland, Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord Stamfordham, and Lord Sandhurst.

The wounded men, most of whom arrived in motor ambulances, were drawn from nine different hospitals.

At about four o'clock, when the long riding school was packed from end to end with these wounded reminders of the reality of the war an announcement was made that they were all requested to sit in their places and not rise when the royal party came in.

And so, when the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, Prince Albert (in his midshipman's uniform), the Grand Duchess George of Russia, the Duchess of Teck, and the other royal ladies who had been entertaining the guests of the King and Queen took their places in the front row there was no cheering, no playing of the National Anthem, and none of the other outward marks of respect and loyalty that are the ordinary routine when the King meets his subjects. Everything was as friendly and homely as if the King had been a country squire entertaining his tenants.

An excellent programme had been provided, consisting of no fewer than twelve "star turns." Entertainments of a similar character will be given to-day and to-morrow at the same hour.

## £20,000 CLAIM.

Witness Who Would Like to See Counsel "Outside the Court."

A brisk passage of arms between counsel and a witness was a feature of the resumed hearing yesterday in Mr. Justice Ridley's Court of the action to recover £20,000 said to be commission due on sale of 40,000 horses for the French Government.

The plaintiff is Mr. Alexander Ferguson, of New Broad-street, E.C., and the defendants Mr. Philip Runciman, a member of the firm of Runciman and Co., and Mr. M. F. Goodbody and Mr. Cyril Bennett, of Messrs. Harris Bros., St. Mary Axe, E.C.

The case for the defence was opened, and evidence was given that it was arranged to pay £15,000.



Mr. Muller.

commission to Mr. Mathieu, a Belgian horse breeder, and that his commission was increased so as to include Mr. Ferguson's.

Mr. A. A. Muller, who gave evidence as to the arrangement detailed above, was cross-examined by Mr. Hayes, who said: "I suggest you are a very agile, ingenious gentleman."

"I would rather discuss that with you outside the court," replied witness.

Mr. Hayes remarked that he would not have a wig and gown on then, and witness retorted: "No, you won't have anything else on by the time I have done with you."

The hearing was adjourned.

## WARNINGS OF AIR RAIDS.

To give warnings of air raids was not only the intention of the Government, but the duty had, he believed, been carried out, said Mr. Tennant, replying to Mr. Joynson Hicks last night.

As to the appointment of a naval flying man as a member of the Board of Admiralty, a question put by Mr. Brookes, Mr. Tennant said the subject was too large to be dealt with by question and answer.

The King held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace yesterday morning and signed a proclamation prohibiting the importation of motor-cars, motor-cycles, certain musical instruments and also the importation of spirits and other "strong waters," with the exception of brandy and rum.

## "I'M, MR. BOWLES."

Wayside Chats of Man Who Is Fighting for Fuller Use of Sea Power.

## HECKLER GETS HIS ANSWER.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

MARKET HARBOUROUGH, Tuesday.—"Good morning! I'm Mr. Bowles. I should like to have a few words with you."

Scores of Leicestershire labourers and workmen trudging along the country roads of the Market Harborough division have heard that greeting from the smiling candidate who is fighting for the full use of the Navy.

Mr. Bowles' informal wayside chats have done much to win the hearts and votes of the electors. Mr. Bowles spoke yesterday at his most picturesque meeting. He motored through the pouring rain to the little market town of Ullesthorpe.

It was market day, and Mr. Bowles' audience was entirely composed of farmers.

Mr. Bowles made it clear that he seeks office for the war only, and that if the former prospective victor for the constituency, Mr. Keith Fraser, seeks election after the war Mr. Bowles will not oppose him.

There was only one heckler. This man asked what political party Mr. Bowles represented.

"I'm an Independent," was the answer. "You've belonged to both parties, haven't you?" asked the heckler.

"Yes," said Mr. Bowles with a smile, "and I've had to leave them both because they sacrificed their principles and I wouldn't."

The answer was complete; the audience cheered.

At the market at Harborough to-day everyone was discussing Thursday's poll, and a win for Mr. Bowles is confidently expected.

Mr. P. Harris, the Coalition candidate, received the following message from Mr. Asquith to-night:

"I trust that you will demonstrate the true unity of the nation, which is our greatest strength in the prosecution of the war."

## STAGE STARS WED.

Sir Charles Wyndham Marries Miss Mary Moore, His Leading Lady.

The Press Association states that a marriage has taken place between Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary, wife of the late James Albany (Miss Mary Moore).

Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham have left town for the Burlington Hotel, Boscombe.

Sir Charles and Lady Wyndham have been associated together, he as the actor-manager and she as his leading lady, for over a couple of decades. The partnership, indeed, dates back almost to Miss Mary Moore's first appearance in London, which occurred at the Criterion Theatre, then under Sir Charles' management. When he went to Wyndham's Theatre she went, too, as his leading lady, and later became joint proprietor with him in Wyndham's and the New Theatre.

Her first husband was the late Mr. James Albany, the dramatist.

Sir Charles Wyndham has long been recognised as one of our leading and most successful actor-managers.

He originally studied medicine, and indeed served as a doctor during the American Civil War.

His first appearance on the English stage was at Liverpool, but in 1866 he came to London and became an immediate success.

He has a long list of stage successes to his name and his place in the theatrical world is well recognised by the knighthood bestowed upon him in 1902 by the late King Edward.

He was born in 1837 and is thus seventy-nine years old.

## CONSCIENCE MEN SHOULD GET OUT.

Dealing with attested married men's appeals at Market Harborough Tribunal, a member said that if they had not been foolish enough to attest they would have been out of it.

They had been hoodwinked and fooled by the Government, and it was the duty of the tribunals to help them all they could. Six months' exemption was allowed.

The chairman said it would have saved much trouble had conscription been adopted at first.

A conscientious objector who said he would sooner be shot than take any part in war was told he should clear out of the country, for such as he were not wanted.

## PATHETIC INCIDENT AT TRIBUNAL.

There was a moving incident at the Doncaster Tribunal last night.

A young traveller, appealed on the ground of the serious illness of his wife.

If he went she had no relatives and two little children, aged three and five, would be unprotected.

The applicant was called in and asked by the mayor if he had any better news of his wife.

"He replied quietly: 'My wife has passed away, sir.'"

A hush fell over the tribunal. The applicant was excused any further questions. His case was put back till May 31.

## CHEQUE FOR £10,000 HANDED OVER.

Lord Mayor's Tribute to the Cavell Memorial Fund.

## THANKS TO READERS.

"In initiating and so successfully organising the Nurse Cavell Memorial Fund *The Daily Mirror* has performed a national service, for this fund has been a national scheme in every sense."

That was the splendid tribute which the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Charles Wakefield) paid to the efforts of *The Daily Mirror* at the Mansion House yesterday, when he handed over to the governors of the London Hospital a cheque for £10,000, the sum which *The Daily Mirror* and its readers have raised for the fund.

In the absence of Lord Knutsford, the chairman of the London Hospital, who recently met with a motor-car accident, Mr. W. Douro Hoare, the acting chairman, received the cheque on behalf of the London Hospital.

"To have raised this splendid sum for the fund," said the Lord Mayor, "is a noteworthy performance on the part of the readers of any journal in the world might be proud."

"But in these dark days of war, when all classes of the community have for nearly twenty months past had to suffer new and incessant calls upon their resources, it is a response that may be justly described as magnificent and one upon which *The Daily Mirror* and its readers have every reason to congratulate themselves."

## WOMEN READERS' APPEALS.

"The memorial is a people's memorial, and the 'Edith Cavell Home', to the establishment of which the fund is due, is a response to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra's has said in a telegram of congratulation, 'be a lasting memory to that more than brave and noble woman who laid down her life for her country.'"

"The practical purpose of the fund had the sympathetic support of Queen Mary, and the gracious act of Queen Alexandra in intimately identifying herself with the fund gave a lead and inspiration which undoubtedly made for the success of the fund."

"The Cavell Memorial Fund was started by *The Daily Mirror* in response to thousands of appeals from its women readers."

"Contributions came from almost every corner of the earth, and from our own soldiers and sailors and those of our Allies."

Mr. Douro Hoare, replying to express "on behalf of the governors of the London Hospital our cordial thanks for the magnificent gift of over £10,000 collected by *The Daily Mirror* and their numerous readers in all parts of the world," said he wished to convey to the proprietors and the Editor of *The Daily Mirror* their deep sense of gratitude for the labour they have spent in achieving this magnificent result. "I venture to say," he added, "that £10,000 collected in these times is equal to four or five times that sum in normal times."

## WIFE AND AN EARL.

Late Earl of the Warr Named in Husband's Divorce Suit.

The name of the late Earl de la Warr, who died abroad recently, figured yesterday in a divorce suit.

Mrs. Mabel Frances Skarratt petitioned for restitution of conjugal rights against her husband, Mr. C. S. Skarratt, described as of independent means and assistant manager at the Alhambra. The husband asked for a divorce on the ground of his wife's misconduct.

Mr. Skarratt gave evidence that late Earl de la Warr. The Earl's name had been struck out of the suit, however, and it was announced that the wife's petition was abandoned and the husband's suit under consideration.

Mr. Skarratt was granted a decree nisi. He was married, said his counsel Mr. Hawke, K.C., in 1901, Mrs. Skarratt being an American.

In 1913 the wife undoubtedly, said counsel, formed an affection for the Earl, whom she first met on a golf course.

She made a confession to her husband, but he was anxious she should return to him if she would have nothing more to do with the Earl.

Later Mrs. Skarratt told her husband that in addition to receiving the Earl at Savoy Court she had visited him at Belgrave-mansions Hotel.

Counsel: There are cross-charges of misconduct between you and the intervenor, Miss Ethel Hewitt. Is there any truth in them at all?—None whatever.

Mrs. Hewitt denied on oath the charges made against her, and Dr. W. Hunter Richards gave evidence on her behalf.

His Lordship granted a decree nisi, dismissed the intervenor from the suit, with costs against Mrs. Skarratt, and also dismissed the wife's petition for restitution.

Mrs. Skarratt, and also dismissed the wife's petition for restitution.



# RUSSIANS HITTING OUT AGAIN AT THE GERMANS AND AUSTRIANS

## Vienna Admits Retreat in Cernowitz Sector.

### BRITISH ACTIVITY.

## Germans Capture Part of Wood North-West of Verdun.

## FLAME SPRAYERS ATTACK.

The most important news to-day is the revival of the Russian offensive on all fronts.

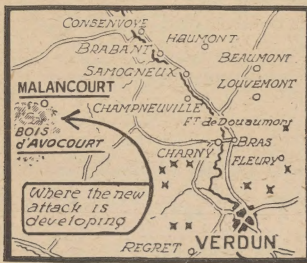
### TAKING OF ISPAHAN.

Germany admits a Russian success near the Narocz Lake; the Austrians own to a retreat in the Cernowitz sector, and the Russians are reported to have taken Ispahan, one of the most important cities in Persia.

### MORE LIQUID FIRE.

After a bombardment with big shells and the use of liquid fire, the Germans during Monday night succeeded in seizing the south-east part of the Malancourt Wood (Avocourt Wood), about ten miles north-west of Verdun.

Berlin says that the Bavarians and the Wurtemberg Landwehr "stormed the entire French position on and near the forest to



the north-east of Avocourt," and that thirty-two officers, 2,500 men, and much war material were captured.

There is increased activity on the British front.

### BATTLE OF THE "T.B.D.s."

There was a running fight in the North Sea off the Belgian coast on Monday. Three German destroyers, when sighted by four British torpedo-boat destroyers, turned and ran for Zeebrugge. Our T.B.D.s chased them, and in a short running fight two of the German boats were hit.

The Germans claim this "scrap" as a naval success for themselves.

## LIQUID FIRE SUCCESS OF THE GERMANS.

## Foe Captures the South-Eastern Part of the Malancourt Wood.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—The following official communiqué is issued this afternoon:—

In Belgium an enemy detachment, which had made a raid on our lines to the north of the Boesinghe bridge, was at once driven out by a counter-attack.

In the Argonne our artillery has been very active on the outskirts of the Cheppy Wood.

To the west of the Meuse the Germans several times during the night renewed their attempts on our front at Avocourt and Malancourt, where the bombardment with shells of large calibre continues without interruption.

Their attacks have been accompanied by jets of flaming liquid thrown by men carrying special apparatus.

Despite the heavy losses inflicted by our fire the enemy were able to capture, after a struggle foot by foot, the south-eastern part of the Malancourt Wood, which we were occupying, and which is known under the name of the Bois d'Avocourt.

All the hostile attempts to debouch from the wood failed.

The night was calm on the other parts of the Verdun region.—Reuter.

## NAVAL "SCRAP" AND CHASE IN NORTH SEA.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

PRESS BUREAU, Tuesday, 12.50 p.m.—The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—



"Yesterday morning four British destroyers sighted three German destroyers off the Belgian coast. "The German destroyers at once turned and ran for Zeebrugge, chased by our own destroyers.

"Shots were exchanged during this short running fight, and two of the enemy's boats were observed to be hit. Our casualties were four men wounded."

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—A communiqué issued in Berlin says:— "Yesterday morning three German torpedo-boats had a successful engagement with a division of five British destroyers off the Flemish coast. "After having been hit several times the enemy broke off the fight and retired at full speed till they were out of sight. "We only suffered quite trifling damages.—(Signed) Chief of the Naval Staff." —Reuter.

## DESTRUCTIVE WORK BY FRENCH ARTILLERY.

## Gunsners Stop German Advance—Air Raids on Stations.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

In the Argonne there was a grenade duel at the Haute Chevauchée. Our artillery carried out destructive fire on some German works on the approaches to the road from Vienne-Le-Château to Binerville.

On the left bank of the Meuse the bombardment continued to be violent in the region of Malancourt, on the village of Esnes and Hill 304. Countered with the greatest energy by our artillery, the enemy made no attempt to attack in the course of the day.

There was an intermittent bombardment at a number of points on the front to the east of the Meuse and in Woëvre. In Lorraine our batteries were active on the German organisations north and east of Ambermesnil.

In Upper Alsace our artillery caught under its fire some enemy troops who were debouching from Niederlof, south-east of Seppois.

Aviation.—During the day one of our pilots brought down a German aeroplane, which fell in flames in the region of Denaincourt. In the night of the 20th-21st our aeroplanes bombed the railway stations of Dun-sur-Meuse and Audun-le-Roman and some bivouacs in the Vigneulles region.—Central News.

## GERMAN PEACE "FEELER."

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—The Washington correspondent of the Evening Post, which is usually a well-informed source of information, says:— "Germany is seeking peace. Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg recently requested Mr. Gerard, the United States Ambassador, not to leave Berlin on vacation and told him the general terms upon which Germany was willing to end the war.

"These include the withdrawal of German troops from Belgium and an indemnity from France.

"Mr. Gerard has deemed the conversation to be of the nature of a 'feeler.'"—Reuter.

## BLOW BY THE BAVARIANS AND WURTEMBERGERS.

## Berlin Claims Taking 32 Officers and 2,500 Men Prisoner.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Tuesday.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

Western Theatre of the War.—To the west of the Meuse Bavarian regiments and battalions of Wurtemberg Landwehr, after a careful preparation, stormed the entire strongly-fortified French positions on and near the forest to the north-east of Avocourt.

In addition to considerable sanguinary losses the enemy has so far incurred losses amounting to thirty-two officers, including two in command of regiments, and over 2,500 men in unarmoured prisoners, as well as much war material.

Counter-attacks attempted on the part of the enemy did not bring him any advantage, but, on the contrary, inflicted further serious losses upon him.

To the east of the Meuse the state of affairs remains unchanged.—Wireless Press.

## BERLIN'S AIR LIE.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—An official telegram from Berlin says:—

On Sunday a squadron of our naval aeroplanes abundantly pelted with bombs the military buildings at Dover, Deal and Ramsgate, in spite of heavy firing by land batteries and hostile aeroplanes.

Numerous hits with very good effect were observed. All our aeroplanes returned safely.—Reuter.

## RAID ON HUN TRENCHES.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, (FRANCE), Tuesday, 9.20 p.m.—Last night we made a small raid on hostile trenches near Mauquissait, accounting for about twenty of the enemy.

Early this morning enemy attacked and entered a small post on River Somme, but were driven out, leaving one officer prisoner and two dead.

There has been considerable artillery activity on both sides about the Hohenzollern Redoubt, Neuve Chapelle and Mauquissait to-day.



Wounded soldiers entering the Palace.—("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

## CRUSHING VICTORY MEANS MORE MEN.

## Plea in Commons for General Compulsion Scheme.

## 'COMBING OUT' SLACKERS

"The Government have got into a great muddle regarding recruiting."

"An invidious distinction has been drawn between married and single men, and now the question has been further involved by the introduction of the distinction between attested married men and unattested married men."

"Nothing will solve the difficulty but the introduction of universal military service."

"If we wish to impose on Germany the terms laid down by the Prime Minister, there is only one way of doing it and that is by a military victory."

These were some of the most striking criticisms and suggestions which for several hours last night were showered upon the Treasury Bench.

To most of these criticisms Mr. Walter Long, the President of the Local Government Board, replied with characteristic vigour.

The tribunes, he said, were doing their work with credit to themselves and with advantage to the country.

"We are going through the reserved occupations with a small-tooth comb, as it were, in the most vigorous way," Mr. Long declared, "and inspectors have been appointed who are going through the munition factories, the general factories and the mines from day to day."

It would be necessary to make it obligatory on holders of certificates under the National Register to produce those certificates when called upon to show whether or not they had complied with the Act.

It was the intention of the Government almost immediately to bring the National Register up to date.

The Government never promised that no married man should be called up until every single man had been taken.

## RUSSIANS DEFEAT ENEMY IN GALICIA.

## Austrians Forced to Retreat After Battle Lasting Seven Hours.

### (RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Tuesday.—The official communiqué issued to-day says:—

Western Front.—In the region south of Dvinsk lively artillery combats continue.

East of the Tverez we repulsed an enemy counter-attack on Vuelkoie Selo.

East of Gudzieskiy our troops carried the enemy's advanced line of trenches near Butzileki.

Carrying the bridgehead near the village of Mikhalchov we took two guns. Most of the defenders of the bridgehead were killed in hand-to-hand fighting.

Caucasus Front.—On the coastal front, after more fighting, our troops advanced a few verst further in a westerly direction.—Reuter.

### (AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.—The Austrian official communiqué issued last night says:—

We yesterday evacuated the bridgehead north-west of Uziesko, which had been shot to ruins after a valiant defence lasting six months.

Although the Russians had succeeded by the morning in making a breach 350 yards wide, our troops, attacked by forces eight times as strong, still maintained their defence for seven hours, notwithstanding all their losses.

Only at five o'clock in the afternoon the commandant, Colonel Planck, determined to evacuate the destroyed fortifications.

Some small detachments reached the southern bank of the Dniester in boats, but the crossing soon had to be abandoned owing to the concentrated fire of the enemy.

There remained for our valiant force only one way if they were not to surrender. They had to clear a path on the northern bank of the Dniester through the village of Uziesko, which was strongly held by the enemy, to the Austro-Hungarian troops holding the height north of Zaleszczki.—Central News.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday as follows:—

The Russians are extending their attacks to the uttermost northern wing. To the south of Riga they were repulsed with sanguinary losses; also on the Duena front and to the west of Jooconvati they were repulsed.

A far-protruding narrow salient on our front due south of the Narocz lake was withdrawn a few hundred yards towards the heights of Blisnicki in order to avoid the enemy's encircling fire.—Wireless Press.

## 'K. OF K.' SEES THE KING.

Lord Kitchener visited the King at Buckingham Palace last night and had a prolonged audience of his Majesty.



## WAR ENTERTAINMENT BY SCHOOLCHILDREN REALISES £70.



Group of little actresses. They achieved a great success on which Miss Gertrude Ashworth is to be congratulated.

## FROM SPAIN.



Mme. de Saavedra, the Spanish actress, who has been acting in England.

## 235,435 MILES.



David Gray, a Worthing postman, who has been awarded the Imperial Service Medal on his retirement. He walked 235,435 miles in thirty-two years.



A quartette of juvenile performers.

With the assistance of Miss Nancy Price, the well-known actress, and her little daughter, the pupils at the Steyne High School, Worthing, gave an entertainment at the local theatre. The proceeds, which are being devoted to the benefit of the soldiers, amounted to £70.—(Walter Gardiner.)

## AN ENGAGEMENT.



Miss Mary Eleanor Domville, only daughter of the late Mr. Compton Charles Domville and Mrs. Compton Domville, who is to marry Mr. Evelyn Wentworth Hope-Johnstone.

## BELGIAN OFFICERS WHO ARE LEARNING TO FLY.



Our Ally's pilots played their part in the great raid on Zeebrugge and Houtade.

## THE KINGRAM TOY INDUSTRY, DUBLIN.



The Kingram Toy Stand, Agricultural Hall, London. The toys on view include beautiful Easter eggs, penguins, flying birds, etc., designed by Lady King, who started this promising industry at the commencement of the war.

## WELCOME VISITOR.



Keeper Milbourne was soon recognised by his old charges at the Zoo, although he wears another uniform now. They will not permit strangers to enter their cage.



## What I want every day

is something to smoke

I am getting what I want now that my people at home have told Martins to send me 70 cigarettes every week by post. This gives me 10 cigarettes every day—and it only costs 1/- a week.

1/9½ worth for 1/-

Write for free War Booklet, which shows how you send more Smokes for less money to men at-the-Front.

**Martins**  
Cigarette Shippers  
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## "The only Cocoa I can digest"

This is the verdict passed upon Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk by those who are unable to take cocoa in the ordinary form. It is made from refined cocoa and pure country milk by a special process, which makes it perfectly easy of digestion even by the most delicate.

Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk is highly nourishing and of delicious flavour. It is of great benefit to all who suffer from digestive weakness, and it is an excellent thing to take the last thing at night, as it brings quiet, refreshing sleep. It requires only hot water.

**TESTIMONY.**—"I am very pleased with the Cocoa and Milk, especially as it is the first time I have ever been able to take, or retain cocoa of any sort, however prepared."

"Usually Cocoa is one of the beverages I cannot take without making me ill, but I have found yours agree with me so well that I am using it regularly every day."

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# Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1916.

## CAUGHT RED-HANDED.

IF a burglar makes the mistake of being caught red-handed in the act of robbery (preceded by murder), one may suppose that his wisest plan is to say nothing, as he gives himself up; in case his remarks may be "used as evidence against him." There is obviously no chance of escape. Silence is best. Or he may make the appeal *ad misericordiam* and throw himself upon the mercy of the Judge.

But, now, what would be said of a robber and murderer who, caught thus, caught in the act, were to say that he hadn't done it? Or that he had only murdered the householder in self-defence?

Or that he had stolen the goods (with which his arms are laden) because their owner had just before taken his watch?

Well, obviously (you would say) this burglar is mad. In fact, in ordinary life, he might get off on that score. Such a defence would constitute a plea for insanity. A lawyer would use it as the one available chance.

Nothing less than this, at frequent intervals, is the German official explanation of the war, its causes, origins, and continuance, to the German gamblers who are the German people.

Never has such plea, stupefying in its flat contradiction of all facts, been more absurdly phrased than in the new, the latest appeal for subscriptions to the latest or last War Loan. Read it. It will do you good. It may make you laugh. It will encourage you by showing you the desperate extremities now reached in the German logic of lying.

It will amuse you to know that Germany's enemies began the war by invading Germany.

It looked as though Germany, without warning, and with every circumstance of deliberate brutality, invaded Belgium. Quite a mistake! Her enemies invaded her. And, just to stop it, Germany "stemmed the tide" of such unprovoked invasion by retaliating upon Belgium. They "threw" the Belgians back. Seeing which, the cruel enemy gnashed his aggressive teeth, and "frustrated by Providence's gracious bounty"—in other words *Gott mit uns*—was repelled by the innocent German.

In consequence the Kaiser and Gott—*ego et deus meus*—are preparing a final mighty knock-out blow. Something really "frightful" like the Verdun failure. For this, we want your money! The loan of victory! Put your money on the table. Look at our Verdun success.

We wish Lewis Carroll were alive to reduce this unreason, by his gentle humorous false-logic, to its comic rhymes. "The Walrus and the Carpenter" manner is the only one in which it may be treated. Lewis Carroll, alone of humorists, could show us this bloodstained burglar, who has dragged all the world into misery, blubbering preposterously with the stolen goods around him, and as his crocodile tears flow, shouting: "Somebody's hit me! Somebody's hurt me! Somebody's taken my watch!"

W. M.

## LOVE'S COMPLAINT.

Though Amariylls dance in green,  
Like fairy queen,  
And sing full clear  
With smiling cheer:  
Yet since her eyes make heart so sore,  
Heigho! chill love no more.

My sheep are lost for want of food,  
And I so wood,  
That all the day  
I sit and watch a herdmaid gay.  
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore:  
Heigho! chill love no more.

Love ye who list, I force him not;  
Sith God it wot,  
The more I wait,  
The less my sighs and tears prevail.  
What shall I do? but say therefore,  
Heigho! chill love no more.

—From an Elizabethan Song Book.

## A TRIBUTE TO AUSTRALIA'S "LIVE WIRE."

W. M. HUGHES AS A MAN AND A FORCE.

By E. C. BULEY.

(Author of "Glorious Deeds of Australasians.")

"WHEN will Mr. Hughes arrive?" I asked the High Commissioner for Australia a day or two before the coming of the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth.

"Just as soon as Great Britain hears him speak," replied Mr. Fisher.

Never has a prophecy been fulfilled more quickly, in fact, or more literally. Mr. Hughes has spoken; and England is repeating his words and speculating on what he will say next.

His words have the force of deeds, because in Australia they have already been translated into great deeds.

"I am in favour of trade with Germany

honours the Empire is now bestowing upon him, from the homeless life of a casual labourer in the Australian Bush.

He landed in Australia in 1884, a friendless young Welshman.

He became a nomad, turning his hand to anything; a day's work here and a week's work there. He was a drover of sheep, a digger of post-holes, a stinker of wells. He worked on coasting steamers. He did anything to get an honest living. Finally he came to anchor in Sydney, where he kept a small book shop.

### A LEADER AT LAST!

Then he became "Billy" Hughes, the organizer of the Wharf Labourers' Union. He proved a fighter at the very outset—a born orator and leader of men. And while he fought for others, he fought for his own hand, too.

If Mr. Hughes could ever be induced to tell how he qualified for the Sydney Bar during those years of lavish expenditure of energy in other directions, he would surely unfold a story of unsurpassed self-denial and inflexible resolu-

## BENEDICK-BROWN'S WAR ECONOMIES.—No. 1.



He is determined to "reduce all round" and to lend his money to the Government. And to-day he makes a beginning. Instruction is badly needed in the great art of saving!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

during the war, after the war, or at any other time," he said. Then he wrecked the great export trade of Australian metals to Germany for all time and shut down every business concern in Australia in which the influence of German capital could be traced.

He endorsed and adopted the war motto of his predecessor: "The last Man, and the last Shilling." When he left Australia on his visit to this country the Commonwealth was contributing to the prosecution of the war more per inhabitant than this country, and had enrolled an army which will number 300,000 men for foreign service by the end of June.

He has behind his glowing words the force of deeds such as these. And he has behind his deeds a career that borders on the miraculous. If he were an American his life story would be enshrined in a book that would be put in the hands of every schoolboy.

The Americans uplift their youth with the history of the man who rose from log cabin to White House.

But Mr. Hughes climbed to the first place in Australian citizenship, and to the wide

tion. There can be no measure of the effort to which his burning spirit spurred his frail body.

Mr. William Hughes, barrister-at-law, entered the State Parliament of New South Wales in 1894, or ten years after he landed in Australia. He assumed forthwith the position of the best debater and the most forceful speaker in the House.

He transferred his attention to national affairs with the coming of federation, and has been a member of the Commonwealth Parliament from the very outset. From the very first he was the strength of his party, and his party has gradually become the dominating force in Australia.

The war made him the living embodiment of the grand sentiment of a united land. At the beginning he realised the war as few men in the British Empire realised it. The gigantic struggle and the supreme issues to be decided were clearer to him than they are to many Britons to-day. He then Australia realise what he saw himself, and he accomplished that, by strong action and noble words, carrying conviction to the simplest and most complex minds alike.

He is here, after the Australian fashion, to

## WAR PROBLEMS.

COUNTRY CARELESSNESS ABOUT THE INVISIBLE ZEPPELIN.

### THE LOGIC OF LIGHTING.

A LITTLE while ago I read an article describing the difficulties of a special constable with regard to enforcing the lighting restrictions in a country village. That the humour of it was not exaggerated is proved by the following account of what actually took place in my village on the occasion of an alarm one Sunday evening.

Service was proceeding in the church, and someone was sent to knock at the door and give warning of the danger. The old sexton rose leisurely, went out, and after a few minutes returned. He did not, however, bring the lights.

The explanation of the omission came later, given with the air of a Socrates to the rector. "Ah went outside, an' Ah looked, an' Ah couldn't see no Zeppelin, so Ah thought Ah won't no use turnin' off the lights!" Truly "a policeman's lot is not a happy one"—especially when he happens to be a special constable! SIMPLICITAS.

### PAYMENT TO ENTERTAINERS.

IN your issue of March 13 you state that a famous film actor is to receive £150,000 a year.

Men of great power and ability who are guiding the destinies of the State are often begrudged their £5,000 a year as salary. Hundreds of poor soul parsons are wearing themselves out mind and body and working like slaves to raise the fallen for £120 a year. But I suppose to make a crowd laugh is a greater deed than to save never-dying souls.

It seems dreadful that the men and women of England will pay such enormous sums simply to be entertained.

There is something wrong somewhere in our education, which is turning up of our people. M. P.

### "CONSCIENCE."

APROPOS of the "Rambler's" paragraph in to-day's *Mirror*, on the famous passage in "Hamlet," there is no quotation in Shakespeare so wrongly understood nor misapplied as the line: "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

"Conscience" is here used in the sense of "reflection," and not of "the sense of right and wrong."

The same idea is carried on in the next two lines:—

"And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

M. H. R. Grantham, March 20.

### IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 21.—The tall herbaceous phlox is a grand perennial for filling the garden with brilliant colour during August and September. It is easily grown, but to be seen at its best the roots must be set in moist rich soil.

The dainty Alpine primrose is a delightful subject for the rockery or border edge. White, pink, rose, carmine, mauve, and lilac-line varieties can be obtained.

E. F. T.

make the best of things. No word of criticism upon what has passed has yet crossed his lips. He looks to the future, and raises his voice to direct the attention of England and the whole Empire to what lies before us. It is because he sees clearly and speaks clearly that his voice rings so clearly above the chorus of the times.

In Australia they call him "the Live Wire."

And sometimes they call him Napoleon.

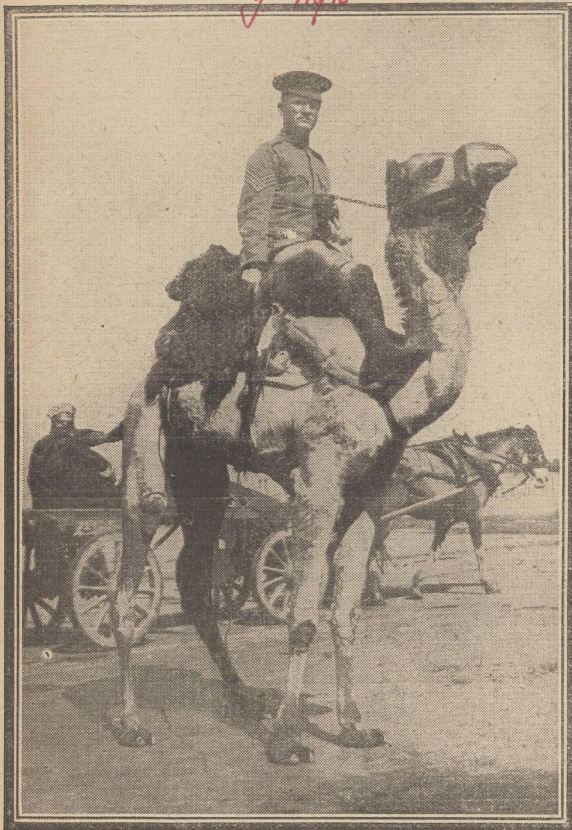
### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The aim which God assigns to us as our highest is indeed the direct reverse of that which we propose to ourselves. He would have us in perpetual conflict; we would have peace. He keeps us ever on the march; we pace the green sod by the way with many a sigh for rest. He throws us on a rugged universe; our first care is to make it smooth. Every way He urges our reluctant will "the Live Wire," the thistle and the sedge, but expects us to raise the olive and the corn, having given us strength and skill for such an end.—James Martineau.



# OFF FOR A RIDE IN EGYPT

g 11913 2



A soldier riding a camel. Can he be called a sailor too, now that he can navigate the "ship of the desert"?

# CARMEN SYLVA LYING IN STATE.

P 472B



The body of the Queen-poetess was embalmed and laid out in the ante-room of the Throne Room at the Palace at Bukarest. Crowds passed reverently before the remains.

## KING AND GRANDSON.

P 130 M.



King Gustav of Sweden talking to his little grandson at the skating rink at Stockholm.

## THE POPE BESTOWING A BLESSING.

P 1



This unique photograph was taken at the Vatican, and shows the only occasion on which the Pope has been seen in the Vatican since his return from exile.

## FROM NEW YORK.

P 18472.



Blue serge frock from New York, which is still trying to rival Paris in creating fashion.

## BENEDICTINE MONK NOT ALLOWED TO FIGHT.

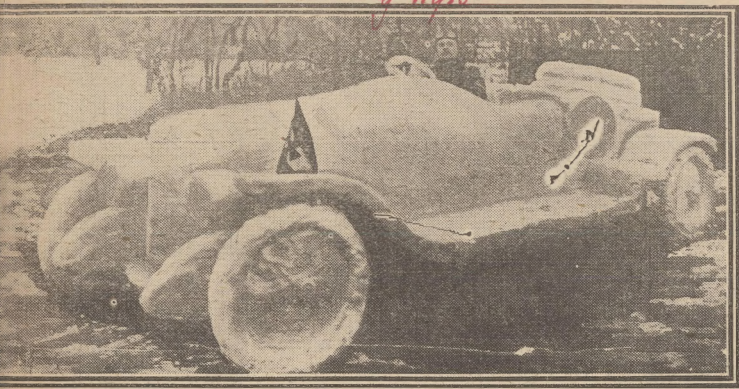
P 18472.



Brother Wulstan Neville, who, receiving a group call, presented himself at Birmingham. When told he was exempt he offered himself to the A.S.C., as he is a baker, but, though most anxious to serve, was not accepted.



A MOTOR THAT WILL NOT MOVE.



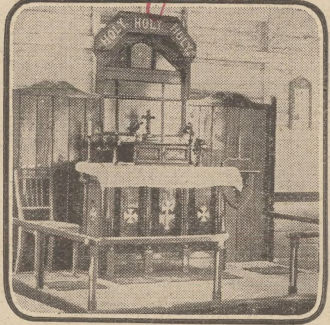
A motor-car modelled out of snow by an Austrian officer, who is seen seated at the wheel. It represents hours of labour, no detail having been omitted.

HAT AT A CONSISTORY.



Newly-created Cardinal kneeling before Benedict XV. The Red Hat is worn.

BUILT BY SOLDIERS.



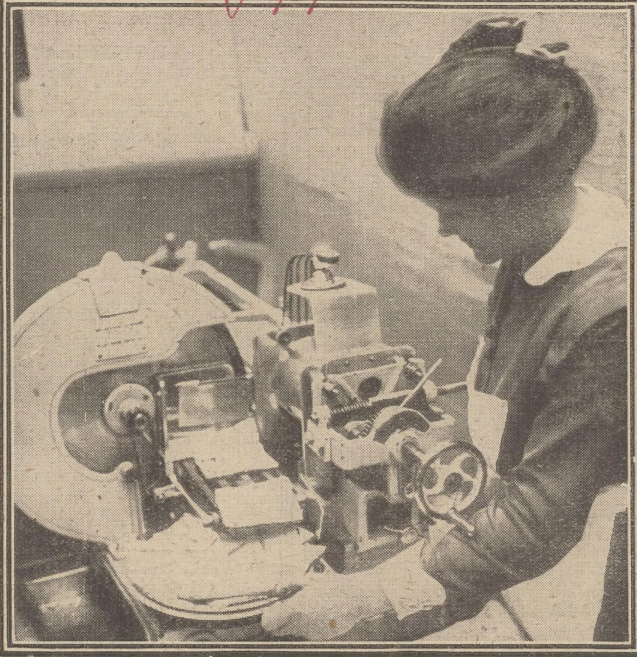
Interior of the little church at Heliopolis, which was built by the Australians for the wounded.

MUST BE IN THE PICTURE



Front of a house blown out in Belgium. The presence of Huns is inevitable. They love to be photographed near ruins.

CUTS AND BUTTERS 3,600 SLICES AN HOUR.



Cutting bread and butter occupies much time and labour at the free buffets, which are so largely patronised by soldiers, and this machine, which prepares 3,600 slices an hour, has proved of the greatest value.

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Mrs. Asquith leaving the Law Courts after her action yesterday. She gave evidence.



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### LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADELPHI.** (100-1 per cent.) New Musical Play, **TINA**. To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2. **GODFREY PEARLE, PHYLLIS DARE, W. H. HERRY, BAZEMORE,** 10 to 10. Tel. 2429 and 8884 Ger. **AMBAASSADORS.** **MORE,** by Harry Grattan. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. **APOLLO.** To-day, 2.30, and Every Evening at 8.15. **THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.** Mats. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. **COMEDY THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. **SECOND EDITION.** "HELL OUT!" by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45. Mats. Mon. Fri. and Sat., 2.45. Phone Ger. 7724. **COURT.** To-day, 2.30 and 8.20. **CULTUR AT HOME.** Mats. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. 848 Ger. **CRITERION.** A **LITTLE BIT OF BLUFF.** To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. "Shouts and screams of laughter." "By Telegraph." **DALYS.**—The George Edwards Production. **BETTY.** To-day, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 2. Winifred Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, C. M. Lowe, Lauri de Frece and G. P. HUNTLEY. **LAST WEEKS.** **DRURY LANE.**—Arthur Collins Presents **D. W. GRIFFITH'S** Mighty Spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation." Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Commencing To-day. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s. Box-office now open. **DUKE OF YORKS.** To-day and DAILY, 2.45. Evgs. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 8.45. **JERRY.** A New Farce. 2.30 and 8.30. Dorothy Varick. **YVONNE ARNAUD.** CHARLES WINDERMERE. Evgs. 8. Mats. Sats., 2.0. **CAIETY.** To-night's THE NIGHT. **GARRICK.** At 2.30 and 8.30. **TIGER'S CUB.** BASIL GILL and MADGE TITHERADGE. Mats. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat., 2.30; Evgs. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Sat., 8.30. **CLOVE.**—Daily, 2.30. Evgs. Weds. Fri. Sats., 8.15. **THE MOYA MANNEING** in **PEG O' MY HEART.** **HAYMARKET.** At 2.30 and 8.15. **WHO IS HE?** HENRY ARNOLD. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats., 2.30. **HIS MAJESTY'S.** To-day and Daily, at 2.15. **TO-NIGHT** and Sat. at 8 (only Evening Performance). **THE ARM OF THE LAW.** LAST WEEK. Preceded by exact Comedy, **DOCTOR JOHNSON.**

**LYRIC.** To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. **OWEN NARES.** A. E. ANSON. **NEW.** To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. **CAROLINE.** By W. Somerset Maugham. Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Dion Boucicault. Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Leonard Royle. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats., at 2.30. **PLAYHOUSE.** 2.40 and 8.40. **PLEASE HELP EMILY.** Chas. Hawtrej and Gladys Cooper. Mats. Weds. Sats., 2.40. Addition Thursday Mats. commencing March 30. **PRINCE OF WALES.** Last 7 Performances. Evgs. 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. Walter Howard, Alfred Palmer and Annie Baker in **THE SILVER CRUCIFIX.** **QUEEN'S (Ger. 9437).** At 8.30. "THE LOVE THIEF." **MATINEES:** Thurs. Fri. and Sat., at 2.30. **EVENINGS:** Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 8.30. **ST. JAMES'S.** **THE BASKER,** A New Comedy. By Clifford Mills. To-day and DAILY, at 2.30. Evening Performance, Sats. only, 8.15. **GEORGE ALEXANDER and GENEVIEVE WARD.** **SAVOY.** At 8. Subsequent Evenings at 8.15. **THE BARTON.** MYSTERY Mats. Mon. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. **SCALA.**—2.30 and 7.30. **THE WORLD AT WAR.** Our Enemies on Both Fronts, Allied Navies, ZEPPELINS, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Front, etc. **SHAFESBURY.** 2.15 and 8.15. **MY LADY FRAYLE.** Robert Courtneidge's Production. A New Musical Play. Mats. Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15. **VAUDEVILLE.** "SAMPLES!" New Version. H. Grattan's Revue, 8.15. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats., 2.30. **WYNDHAM'S.** At 2.15 and 8.15. Mats. Wed. Sat., 2.15. **A KISS FOR CINDERELLA,** by J. W. HARRIS. Gerald du Maurier. Hilda Trevelyan. **ALHAMBRA.** Revue. 5004 GERRARD. ANNA DOROTHY, GLYDE COOK, GEORGE FRENCH, MANNY and ROBERTS and ODETTA MYRTIL. Doors 8. Mats. Weds. and Sats., 2.15. **HIPPODROME.** London—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY LAPE, VICTA RIANZA, BETTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES HERRICKLEY, and Super-Beauty Chorus. Other Amusements on page 11.



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teeniest  
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# ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial.  
By MARK ALLERTON

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**ROSALIE GRIEVE,** a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

**REV. HUGH GRIEVE,** Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

**ALAN WYNN,** an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

**ROSALIE GRIEVE** is hiding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his career, and who has an antipathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities.

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

The little quarrel is afterwards patched up, and Rosalie says she will not see Wynne again. But one day Rosalie says that she is invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband asks her not to. But after Rosalie finds that she has written a letter to someone called "Lucy," and enclosing a cheque for £100. "Lucy" is really a young waster named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry, and when a ticket for the ball comes from Wynne she decides to accept. But she does not actually go, though her husband, unknown to her, goes secretly. Rosalie finds this out, and goes to Wynne's studio to find her portrait painted. Hugh Grieve discovers the visits and denounces her.

Her friends the Bettisons are going to Paris, and Rosalie has a wild longing to go with them.

## ROSALIE SCORES.

IT was true. Paris was calling to Rosalie that spring morning, and insistently enough. Because Paris represented everything that Northbury Park was not, its appeal was almost irresistible.

And she was going back to the vicarage and to Hugh! Somehow she felt that by going back she was giving up the last vestige of her principles of independent action. Hugh had put himself beyond the pale. He had accused her of an intrigue with Alan Wynne. He had turned on her with fierce and scornful invective. And yet she was going back to him. She wondered why.

A year ago she would have protested that nothing would have kept her under the same roof with a man who no longer trusted or loved her—not even for a day. And now she knew that she was hoping for something to intervene to prevent a domestic cataclysm. It was all unintelligible.

She envied the Bettisons and Madge Fairfield. They were bound by no fetters of duty or convention. No man had written into their lives to merge their personality into his. She was learning that love can be a prison-house whose walls are not to be beaten down while love lasts.

She knew that she still loved Hugh in spite of all that had happened. Yet, while to part from him—as seemed inevitable now—would break her heart, she still heard the voice of freedom calling, calling.

She was, in fancy, back again in Paris, in a little world of sympathy, of kindred tastes, ambitions, hopes, disappointments—a little world that was pulsating with life and the joy of living. And the omnibus swept her into the outskirts of Northbury Park.

The very atmosphere of the suburb deadened her impulses, put a rein on her flights of fancy. The trim streets, with their lime trees, carefully guarded from the depredations of small boys, the aggressively desirable residences, each redolent of secure middle-class prosperity, the shops of the obsequious tradesmen, whose weekly books had to be so closely scrutinised—here was the spirit of Northbury Park.

The omnibus passed by St. Luke's, a modern building, surrounded by well-kept lawns. St. Luke's did credit to its parish. Hugh Grieve had made it a prosperous and flourishing church. One heard on all hands that no better choir, no finer organ, no better conducted service could be found in all London. Added to all these, and to the entire absence of draughts and perfect heating arrangements, was the eloquence of Hugh.

As the omnibus passed, Rosalie saw him standing outside the entrance. His back was to her. There were three men with him—one of them she knew to be a prominent builder in Northbury Park—and Hugh was pointing out to him with his stick something he wanted done above the doors. His manner and gestures told

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

Rosalie that he was engrossed in what he was saying. She was disappointed again.

She thought of him, forgetful of her and of all that had happened, with his every interest centred for the moment on a matter of stone and mortar. Her tragedy was merely incidental to him; she concluded, an annoying episode in a life to which tranquillity was an essential.

At that moment she hated St. Luke's, and its well-trained choir and its cushioned pews and its prosperity. . . She thought of the little bare church at the end of the Rue de l'Eglise, and hated St. Luke's the more, hated it and was filled with a conviction of sin. . .

She let herself into the vicarage as silently as when she had left it. It was occupied only by the incense of cooking. In half an hour lunch would be ready. In half an hour lunch was certain to be ready. If on lunch could be put off for once. If only something would happen to disturb the regularity of the day's round.

Rosalie threw off her things. In half an hour she would have to meet Hugh again. Another meeting, and she had not yet made up her mind what she was to say to him! No solution of her difficulty had occurred to her yet. Yet something must surely be done—and at once.

The front door opened. She heard voice late in the hall. Hugh had brought someone back for lunch. She recognised the voice. It was that of Mr. Moss. She hated Mr. Moss, but at that moment he was a thousand times welcome. At any rate, he kept her from facing Hugh alone. The crisis was postponed.

"Is Mrs. Grieve at home?" she heard Hugh ask.

Rosalie remembered her headache. She might certainly have persisted in that headache and kept to her room. Instead she left her room and went downstairs. Hugh and Mr. Moss were still in the hall. Her greeting was entirely unexpected.

"How do you do, Mr. Moss! Isn't it a charming morning? Almost like summer. I saw you in the church as I passed in the omnibus, Hugh. Was Mr. Moss with you? I thought so."

Hugh's composure was far less complete. He seemed to be having difficulty in finding a peg for his overcoat.

"I've brought Mr. Moss back to lunch, Rosalie," he said. "Is it ready?"

"At one o'clock, Hugh." She smiled upon Mr. Moss. "It is nice of you to come along," she said. "Are you going to have some alterations made on the church?"

"Not alterations, Mrs. Grieve; just a little pointing. We must keep everything in apple pie order at Northbury Park, you know."

"But, of course, Mr. Moss. . . Won't you come into the drawing room?"

She led the way, Mr. Moss following, rubbing his hands. The smell of cooking reminded him that he had an appetite.

"And have you been out this charming morning, Mrs. Grieve?" he asked.

"Yes." She addressed Hugh, but did not look at him. "I went to Chelsea. Some old friends of mine who live there are just off to Paris. I went to say good-bye."

"To Paris? How interesting!"

"You like Paris?"

"I find it most interesting," replied Mr. Moss graciously.

"So do, I," said Rosalie gravely. "Perhaps you know my friends the Bettisons. Frank Bettison is an artist."

"No, I don't know him. What a lot of artists you know, Mrs. Grieve!"

"Not many now. You see, I used to be an artist myself."

"So I've heard. How very interesting! I suppose that was when you met Mr. Wynne?"

Rosalie detected the note of insatiable curiosity.

"Yes. . . that was when I met Mr. Wynne," she replied. "You called on him the other day, I hear. Did you see my portrait? But, of course, you did! Isn't it good? I meant it to be a surprise for Hugh. You are to blame that it is not!" She laughed lightly.

"I am to blame!" protested Mr. Moss, flushing.

"Yes. It was, wasn't it, who told him? But tell me, do you like the portrait?"

"I—I scarcely looked at it."

"How delightfully candid! But at least you recognised it."

"Yes. . . I recognised it."

"Isn't it so useful to find an artist who is nearly as clever as a photographer, Mr. Moss?"

I tell Mr. Wynne that all Northbury Park will be flocking to him before long."

Mr. Moss, in doubt as to what to say, discreetly remained silent. Hugh had crimsoned to the roots of his hair. This discreet talk about Wynne would, he knew, be repeated in a hundred households. Worse was to come:—

"I didn't know you knew Mr. Wynne, Mr. Moss," Rosalie was saying.

"I don't," he said. "I don't."

"Then how good of you to call on him! I know how much artists appreciate a little recognition."

Hugh bit his lip. She was laughing at him now.

"Besides," she raised the vase of daffodils to her nostrils, "I hear such vague and mysterious gossip about poor Mr. Wynne. He knows about it, too. We both think it is so delicious. But, of course, every tongue will be silenced if you take him up."

Mr. Moss glanced at her sharply. He was no fool, and the suspicion assailed him that this innocent-eyed young woman was pulling his leg.

"I am afraid that I have no time to take anybody up," he said, curtly.

"No? What a pity! For Mr. Wynne, I mean. But one can't do everything, can one? You have your business—and the church affairs, of course. I often wonder how you get through it all!"

She turned to Hugh; her eyes, devoid of all expression, met his.

"I am sure that lunch must be ready now. It is one o'clock," she said. "Shall we go in, Hugh?"

Hugh made an inarticulate reply. A move was made to the room across the hall.

Her ease of manner was a horrifying surprise to her. The rubbing along process had begun.

## "WHAT'S TO BE DONE?"

LUNCH was over. Mr. Moss had taken his departure, comforted by cutlets and claret. Rosalie had ostentatiously gathered up her housekeeping books and carried them to her own room. Hugh was in his study.

He ought really to have been very busy. It was the afternoon set apart for the selection of his Sunday sermons. His habit was to choose his texts with a nice regard for their appropriateness. These chosen, he read deeply. He was clever enough to know that no man is clever enough to be independent of the thoughts of those who have preceded him.

But he did not work. He sat at his desk idly sucking an empty pipe. Everything was out of joint. He was sick at heart and inexpressibly depressed.

Mr. Moss had got on his nerves. He had never liked Mr. Moss, never believed in him. That day he had shown up badly before Rosalie. Somehow or other, brought face to face, Moss had seemed to grow smaller, more petty, more worldly. His attitude towards his neighbours had struck Hugh as almost dangerous. And, by comparison, Rosalie, despite her easy flippancy, was undoubtedly frank and genuine and possessed a deeper insight into the things that mattered.

Had he been wrong? Hugh wondered, and he knew that, of course, he had been wrong. He grew hot with shame when he remembered what, in his rage, he had said to Rosalie. He wished that his Church countenance penance for his fault. But that was too easy a way to expiate his grand mistake.

He knew he was wrong. He had made up his mind to confess that he had been wrong. Rosalie had been indiscreet; that was all. His accusations had been prompted by madness.

"All my life I've been cursed with this sudden temper," he thought. "I thought I had conquered it. But, no!"

That morning he had meant to make amends. He had schooled himself through the sleepless night for any humiliation Rosalie might demand. That was his punishment.

He had met her in the morning, confident that he should find her still outraged by his accusation, a prey to her emotions, angry, may be, but in a mood susceptible to his advances. Eager words were on his lips. They had been frozen by her manner. She had seemed to take things for granted. She did not come to him to be kissed, it is true, but she smiled a "good morning"

(Continued on page 11.)



A "LUVISCA" Blouse. Ask your Draper to show you this and other Fashionable Styles for present wear.

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(REGISTERED)

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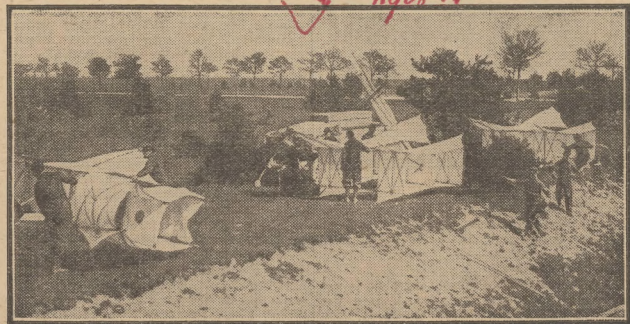
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Preparing kites for reconnaissance work behind the lines. The photograph was taken on the western front.—(Wyndham.)



# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP



General "Sam" Hughes.

will be, for the popular Canadian leader has all sorts of things to arrange and settle on behalf of the Empire.

## The Colonial Touch.

With Mr. Hughes, the Commonwealth Premier, whose popularity seems to grow every day, and General "Sam" in our midst, the Colonies are very much in the public eye just now. It's a good thing for us. These Colonial leaders should help to stiffen the national character.

## Mr. Balfour's High Spirits.

Things must be going wonderfully well at the Admiralty if the demeanour of the First Lord may be taken as reflecting the state of affairs. For I have never seen Mr. Balfour looking so happy as in the House of Commons last night. Indeed, once or twice on the Treasury Bench, while in conversation with Mr. Lloyd George, he laughed so heartily as to be heard in the galleries, although questions were in full blast at the time.

## The Voice of Brighton.

It is a long time since I have heard such a rattling speech from a back bench man as that from Captain Tryon in the House last night. The Captain, who is one of the members for Brighton, is a fine specimen of British manhood, and his straight talk to the Simonites was keenly relished by the House. Later in the evening I noticed Mr. Tennant cross the floor and have a chat with him.

## Peer's Heir in a "Scene."

Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson, who figured in a spirited little duel in the House last night, is considered to be one of the best-looking men in Parliament. He knows a good deal of military matters, having served in the 1st Life Guards and seen active service in South Africa and the present war. Colonel Henderson is the eldest son of Lord Faringdon, and sits for North Berks.

## Circumlocution.

We are not alone in the possession of a circumlocution office or offices. Sir Percy Scott was telling my friend that out in China he came across a German naval captain who told him that he (the captain) had quarters in a small room communicating with another through a narrow passage some 30ft. away, and that he spent most of his time writing letters to another officer who had a room at the end of this passage!

## Coming to Town.

I hear that Lady Margaret Boscawen and her pretty widowed daughter, Lady Petre, are coming to stay in town for a few months. Lady Petre has been superintending farm work by young girls on her Thorndon Hall estate, but this was before the birth of her little daughter.

## Indians at Court.

A week never passes without one of our Indian princes, passing through this country, calls at Buckingham Palace to pay homage to the King Emperor. I notice the last mentioned by the Court Circular as being received by the King and Queen is the Raj Sahib of Vankaneer.

## Another 10 per Cent.

North London housekeepers are receiving an unpleasant little surprise this week. Laundry proprietors have not only raised their charges for individual items of washing, but are now adding an extra 10 per cent. on to the bills.

## Splitting it Up.

As to what is going to be done to relieve the responsibilities of married men, I've heard a good deal about a scheme under which the Exchequer would share the bill with the local authorities.

## At Buckingham Palace.

I witnessed one very amusing incident yesterday while the King and Queen's wounded soldier guests were taking tea at Buckingham Palace. Lord Beresford, in his admiral's uniform, was pouring out tea when King George and Queen Mary entered.

## Lord Beresford and the Tea.

Lord Beresford hastily—absent-mindedly even!—put the teapot under his arm and stood at the salute. The boiling tea trickled down his leg, and the soldiers laughed. Lord Beresford did not laugh.

## In Court.

I looked into the Law Courts yesterday to see Mrs. Asquith in Mr. Justice Peterson's court awaiting her judgment in the libel case against the *Globe*. She looked exceedingly well, with a large green ostrich feather in her hat.

## Popular.

Mr. Gordon Hewart, K.C., who led for the defendants, had to be pleading elsewhere, so Mr. Neilson made the necessary statement for the *Globe*. Mr. Hewart, who a little time ago was a prosperous journalist, is now the most popular K.C. at the Bar. I remember some years ago there was a similar scramble for the services of Mr. Gill.

## Busy Miss Elizabeth.

I found Miss Elizabeth Asquith very busy at No. 10 Downing-street, arranging her novel entertainment, of which I told you something yesterday. She held in her hand—as she told me new things about her plans—a sheaf of letters which enthusiastic supporters had sent her, even before they knew the date of the Poets' Afternoon.

## The Date.

This, I can now tell you, is April 11, and though there is a good deal yet to be done, the spades are already deep into their work. "We shall have tea at four," Miss Asquith told me, "and the readings will begin at half-past."

## Pretty Booksellers.

"I think it will be a really interesting afternoon, and we shall all be glad for the Star and Garter funds if it is equally successful. My cousin, Lady Granby, and her sister-in-law, Lady Diana Manners, with Mrs. John Lavery, Miss Gladys Cooper and Miss Doris Keane, are to sell the books of poems which are read—all for the funds."

## Poets' Caricatures by Auction.

"Then," continued the clever young organiser, "we are to have an auction sale—of the caricatures of the poets themselves by Mr. Max Beerbohm. I do not know yet who will be the 'auctioneer,' but we have in mind a very interesting one."

## Will They Come Out?

I hear that, in the opinion of Sir Percy Scott, the German High Canal Fleet will not come out, but that for the present, at any rate, operations will be confined to submarine and Zeppelin attacks.

## Leaving.

I am sorry to hear that Miss Gwendoline Brogden is leaving the cast of "Bric-a-Brac" at the Palace Theatre on Saturday. She has



Miss Gwendoline Brogden.

been a prominent member of the Palace company for a long time now, and a very popular one—both before and behind the footlights.

## Blind Shoemakers.

If you want to do a kindly act that is not charitable but only putting work into the hands of gallant men who deserve it, you should send your shoes and boots to be mended by the blinded heroes at St. Dunstan's House, Regent's Park.

## "Dorothy."

This is Miss Dorothy Dix, a clever actress who has taken the second lead, Ethel, in "Peg o' My Heart." She appeared with great success with Mr. Lewis Waller as Nat-u-rich in "The White Man," and has just finished taking Mrs. Pat. Campbell's part in "Pygmalion" on tour. A very bright future is prophesied for Miss Dix, and I think in this case the prophets will have honour in their own country.

Miss Dorothy Dix.

## A Royal Engagement.

I hear from a Russian friend that there is every likelihood of the Grand Duchess Olga being engaged this summer. There have been many rumours about the alliance she was going to make—and England was not left out—but I am told that the youthful Grand Duchess is going to follow the example of her aunt and marry a Russian. At any rate, this is the belief and gossip in Russian society.

## An Important Visit.

Very great importance is attached to the forthcoming visit to London of the Prince Regent of Serbia. He is to be accompanied by M. Pashitch, the Serbian Premier, but neither is likely to stay at the Legation.

## Byronic Prince.

I met the Prince Regent several times when I was in Serbia, and can personally vouch for the fact that he is the idol of the army. Rather dark and Byronic in appearance, he is simply devoted to soldiering. He is a very shrewd man for his age, and years ago fully realised what Germany's aim in the Balkans would mean for Europe.

## A Unique Watch.

Lunching with Mr. Malcolm Wilson, who, by the way, is Mr. Herbert Jay's able business manager and brother of the cartoonist, David Wilson, I was shown one of the most interesting pre-war presentation watches in London. The watch, a perfectly made gold specimen, had been given to Mr. Wilson's uncle for his rescue of a German crew from a sinking vessel while he was in command of one of our cruisers. On the inside of the watch the Kaiser's head was mounted within a wreath of laurel leaves.

## The Flying Man's Wedding.

To my mind there is always something particularly interesting about the wedding of a flying man, and Miss Kathleen Dudley, who married Captain B. P. Greenwood, of the Royal Flying Corps, yesterday, was evidently determined that all her friends should know to which branch of the Service her husband belonged. Her compact posy of carnations flaunted wide streamers fashioned in the colours of his corps, and she carried her service paper decorated with the same ribbons.

## Mme. Patti at the Carlton.

Lunching at the Carlton—busy as ever—I noticed Mme. Patti, who was wearing some fine emeralds, Lord and Lady Clancarty, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Miss Julia James, Miss Gabrielle Ray and Lady Cholmeley. After lunch Miss James went into the trenches at Prince's Skating Club.

## "Jelly-Moulds."

"Got your 'jelly-mould' yet?" is, I hear, the greeting most in vogue at the front just now. The new steel helmet, with its fluted down, has soon got its name with the "Tommies." While nobody doubts its usefulness, its shape can't be taken seriously.

## What is a Pung?

New words from the front arrive home weekly. The latest is "pung." What does it mean? I have heard it many times lately, and set to work to find out. A "pung," it seems, is the expressive term given by the soldiermen to a tyre mishap. It started with the motorcyclist dispatch riders. So I have added it to my collection of "war words."

## In Regimental Colours.

As you walk about Bond-street and other West End shopping places you can't help noticing the increasing number of things that are being made in regimental colours. Yesterday I saw Treasury Note cases, handkerchiefs, cigarette-cases and—newest of all—braces, all in silks of correct colours of various popular units. THE RAMBLER.

The **Cinegoer**  
2<sup>nd</sup> WEEKLY  
SATURDAY, MARCH 25th  
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# HOW I PERMANENTLY REMOVED AN UGLY GROWTH OF SUPER-FLUOUS HAIR.

By MARIETTA DE TERCOLINA.  
(The well-known Mezzo-Soprano).

The use of grease paint as almost everyone who has used it night after night knows, is very liable to induce a growth of superfluous hair upon the face. I was no exception to the rule, and although only in my early twenties I found to my horror quite a strong growth of hair upon my chin. This caused me great concern until a friend suggested the use of a little phenol into a paste of water. I felt very doubtful about the result, but some one had done it before, and I applied it in the manner suggested. The phenol removed the hair at the first application, and the next day I started using some talco paste, and continued doing so for several weeks. At the end of this period I could find no trace of hair whatever, not even with a magnifying glass, and since then I have never been troubled with the slightest suspicion of the disfiguring growth returning. I consider the discovery of this phenol to be the greatest boon on earth.

*Marietta de Tercolina*

PILENTA SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
ALL CHEMISTS.—(Adv.)

## Why Actresses Never Grow Old.

Nothing concerning the profession seems more puzzling to the dear old public than the perpetual youth of our feminine members. How often we hear remarks like, "Why, I saw her as Juliet forty years ago, and she doesn't look a year older now!" Of course, allowance is made for make-up; but when they see us off the stage at close range, they need another explanation.

How strange women generally have not learned the secret of keeping the face young! How simple a matter to get some pure mercurized wax at the chemist's, apply it like cold cream, and in the morning wash it off! We know how this gradually, imperceptibly absorbs old cuticle, keeping the complexion new and fresh, free from fine lines, sallowness and over-ness. We know, too, that this mercurized wax is the reason why actresses are not disfigured with moth patches, liver spots, pimples and the like. Why do not our sisters on the other side of the footlights learn the reason, and profit by it?—(Adv.)

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COVERT  
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Special Line.—Colours: Fawn, Green, Navy and Grey. Cut very full, inset sleeves, button-over collar, full sacque back, side pockets. Lengths 46, 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 inches. Price only 14/11, carriage paid.

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Design 14/11  
MAID'S COATS SKIRT  
made in Oxford, Serge, Light and Dark Grey, Brown, Navy, and Black. Smartly-cut Coat, trimmed side belt, gathering in pleats back and front (as shown in sketch), gauntlet cuffs, Corsage Skirt, cut full with belt at back, pleat back and front. Price only 14/11, carriage paid. Sizes 6, 7, 8, 9. Skirt lengths 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches.

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## £1,000 DAMAGES.

The "Globe's" Apology to Mrs. Asquith for Donington Hall Libels.

"I hope that this exposure may prevent some members of the public from lending credence to irresponsible title-tattle," said Mr. Justice Peterson yesterday, when the libel action brought by Mrs. Asquith, the Premier's wife, against the Business Newspapers, Ltd., was concluded.

The defendants, who are proprietors of the *Globe*, offered an unqualified apology. It was also stated that £1,000 would be placed at Mrs. Asquith's disposal to devote to whatever purpose she deemed fit, together with a sum to indemnify her for her expenses.

On December 21 Mrs. Asquith obtained an interim injunction restraining the *Globe* from publishing libellous statements accusing her of playing tennis with German officers interned at Donington Hall and sending them gifts.

The *Globe* pleaded that the Cabinet Minister's wife alluded to did not mean Mrs. Asquith, but at the hearing they withdrew all imputations and expressed unqualified regret.

In the witness box Mrs. Asquith stated that she had never held any communication with or sent any kind of present to any prisoner at Donington Hall.

Lieutenant Meyer, the adjutant at Donington Hall, said that no parcels or communications had ever been received from Mrs. Asquith, or the wife of any Cabinet Minister.

The record of the case was then withdrawn.

## WHAT IS THE PRICE OF YOUR ARM?

The latest poster issued by the Recruiting Publicity Department at Whitehall in connection with the economy campaign is in dialogue form and is headed: "What is the price of your arm?" It reads as follows:

Civilian: How did you lose your arm, my lad?  
Soldier: Fighting for you, sir.  
Civilian: I'm grateful to you, my lad.  
Soldier: How much are you grateful, sir?  
Civilian: What do you mean?  
Soldier: How much money have you lent to your country?  
Civilian: What has that to do with it?  
Soldier: A lot. How much is one of your arms worth?  
Civilian: I'd pay anything rather than lose an arm.

Soldier: Very well. Put the price of your arm or as much as you can afford, into Exchequer Bonds or War Savings Certificates, and lend your money to your country.

## NAVAL BANK PARTNERS SENTENCED.

Sentence of six months each in the second division was passed by Mr. Justice Avory at the Old Bailey yesterday upon the two partners in the Naval Bank, Plymouth, Mackworth Praed Parker and Captain F. K. Thomas Bulteel.

They were charged with conspiring to defraud the customers of the Naval Bank by continuing business with no reasonable ground for hope that the bank would become solvent.

The trial extended over eleven days, and after an absence of two hours and forty minutes the jury found both defendants guilty.

## ROSALIE.

(Continued from page 9.)

ing," and immediately felt to offering him the choice of various dishes.

The most tragic element in tragedy is its suggestion of the ludicrous. Hugh, heartless, was ready with his self-immolation, and Rosalie had interrupted his thoughts by a reference to a choice between bacon and scrambled eggs. He did not know that the words had been prepared by Rosalie, that their very utterance was to her another minor tragedy. When tragedy makes use of commonplace it is almost complete. Instead a sheet of foolscap, folded up, met his eyes. He closed the drawer noisily and started to his feet.

"He opened a drawer to find a notebook. "How can a man stand it!" he muttered. "How he paced the room. The same cry: "What's to be done?" was on his lips.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### Uncollapsible Bubble.

The wonderful soap bubble blown on February 17 at the Royal Institution by Sir James Dewar is still intact.

### "Mist in the World."

"I sometimes think that I am a kind of mist in the world," said Willie Freer, thirty-two, a musician, who cut his throat and died as a result.

### No New Calendar for Turks.

Owing to alterations in the Bill proposing the change, says Reuter, Turkey cannot introduce the Gregorian calendar during the present financial year.

### New Year Reception by Persian Minister.

The Persian Minister yesterday gave a reception at the Legation to the Diplomatic Corps and the Foreign Office in commemoration of the Persian New Year.

### German Doctor Removed from Panel.

The London County Insurance Committee has removed from the panel a practitioner of German nationality who returned to Germany last July and is regarded by the Commissioners as an alien enemy within the meaning of recent legal decisions.

## CADET'S DEATH WHILE BOXING.

Following on a quarrel with another cadet, Donald Adderbrooke, aged eighteen, a naval cadet at Plymouth, engaged in a boxing bout with his adversary, but collapsed during the fight.

At the inquest yesterday it was stated that death was due to a ruptured vein in the brain, and a verdict of Natural Causes was returned.

## SLANDER ACTION.

Mr. C. Kessary writes stating that Miss C. G. Bligh Livesay, the defendant in a recent slander action, is not now, nor has been for some time, keeping the boarding-house at Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, mentioned in the case.

## IF STOMACH HURTS DRINK HOT WATER.

### A SPECIALIST'S ADVICE.

"If dyspeptics, sufferers from flatulence, indigestion, acidity, gastric catarrh, etc., would only take a quarter teaspoonful of pure bisurated magnesium in half a glass of hot water immediately after eating, they would soon forget that they were ever afflicted with stomach trouble, and doctors would have to look elsewhere for patients." In explanation of these words the specialist stated that most forms of stomach trouble were due to acidity and flatulence, and that the food contents combined with insufficient blood supply to the stomach. Hot water increases the blood supply and bisurated magnesium instantly neutralises the acid, stops food fermentation; the combination of the two, therefore, being marvellously efficient and infinitely preferable to the use of artificial digestives, stimulants and medicines.

IMPORTANT.—Bisurated Magnesia is now obtainable of all chemists at the following prices:

Powder form, 1/9 and 2/9 per bottle.  
Mini-flavoured Tablets, 1/1 and 2/1 per flask.  
(Adv.)

## Reduce your Weight but not your Diet.

To be too fat is the greatest misfortune which can befall a woman, or man either. It spoils one's appearance, ruins one's health, and often makes life not worth living. Nothing is too irksome for a woman, providing that she will eventually regain a normal figure, and up to quite recently the most strenuous measures were necessary, and even then the results were by no means satisfactory, and never permanent.

To-day the figure can be restored to its original graceful slimmness without any trouble or injury to the health, and without loss of knowledge of one's dearest friend. Three clynot berries, taken one after each meal, will quickly and permanently remove not only the outward signs of the disease, the superabundant flesh, but will overcome the unnatural desire of the digestive organs to create fatty matter. Clynot berries act beneficially on the general health, tone up the nervous system and make firm healthy flesh, so that there is no fear of loose, baggy and wrinkled skin resulting from their action.

Clynot berries are at present not very generally known, but may usually be obtained at the leading stores, while most chemists will obtain them if they are out of stock.—(Adv.)

## THIS LADY'S ADVICE AFTER 12 YEARS USE OF "KOKO."

Keep a bottle of "KOKO" handy, use it night and morning; you will be really astonished at the improvement shown after fourteen days' regular treatment.

**KOKO FOR THE HAIR**

Cleanses and Refreshes the Scalp.  
Feeds the Hair Follicles.  
Strengthens Thin and Weak Hair, and produces Thick, Luxuriant, Brilliant Tresses.

Clear as Crystal, CONTAINS NO DYE, OIL OR CREASE.  
DELICIOUSLY COOLING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING TO THE SCALP.

PRICE  
1/6, 2/6 & 4/6  
PER BOTTLE.  
Bottle sent free on receipt of 4d. trial bottle of KOKO on receipt of 4d.

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER!**  
4/6 FULL-SIZE BOTTLE 1/9 (Postage 4d. extra).

Anyone forwarding this Coupon and 4d. to Mr. H. H. H. and five stamps to pay postage, packing, etc., will receive immediately by registered post, prepaid, one Regular Bottle of KOKO for the Hair, the price of which is 4/6. The trial bottle will be sent within five days from the date of receipt of the coupon, and will more than last as long as the full-size bottle. If you are not satisfied with this Coupon, we will make the offer void.

KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., LTD.,  
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# MANSION POLISH

**An Economical Spring-Clean**  
—and a successful one— is assured by the splendid efforts of MANSION POLLY, the Busy Bee. She will run through the work in no time for her wonderful MANSION POLISH, the superior wax preparation, is so quick and clean in use. With a very little polish and a few light rubs, Furniture, Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors assume a rich, lasting lustre which will not finger-mark and to which dust and dirt do not adhere. The present shortage of domestic labour will not affect you so long as you have the assistance of Mansion Polly, and there is no increase in the price of her Mansion Polish.

Try 1d., 3d., 4d., 6d. & 1s. Of all Dealers, Chiswick Polish Co. Ltd., Chiswick, W., Makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.



## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

Continued from page 8.

**PALACE.**—"BRIG-ABRAC" (at 8.30), with GERTIE MILLAR, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, GWENDOLINE BROOKS, NELSON KEYS, TEDDIE GERRARD, & SIMON GERRARD, GINA PALERME. Varieties at 8. MAT., WED. and SAT. at 8.  
**PALLADIUM.**—2.30, 6.10 and 9.—LITTLE TIGER, JACK PARLANZ, LAURA C. BERTIE, JOE ELVIN AND CO., BERTIE B. BANKS, ACKROYD MELITA TRIO, and JAMES WELCH AND CO. in "The Man in the Street." Stock in the house always reasonable.—Goldman's Uniforms, Devonport. (Uniforms bought.)  
**HAIR** permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent St., W.

## DAILY MAIL ACTIVE SERVICE EXHIBITION, Princes Street, Kensington, on behalf of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John.

Admission, One Shilling (except Fridays 2s. 6d., 2 till 6 p.m.).

## PERSONAL.

CAN come any day this week. Write me.—Wills.  
**KITTY.**—Pencil sketching. Dying calling for you.—Your boy.  
**OFFICER.**—Uniforms and Effects; largest second-hand stock in the West. Always reasonable.—Goldman's Uniforms, Devonport. (Uniforms bought.)  
**HAIR** permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent St., W.



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## "THE DAILY MIRROR" CAVELL MEMORIAL FUND.



Sir Charles Wakfield, the Lord Mayor, hands the cheque to Mr. W. Douglas Hoare.



The Edith Cavell Home, as it will appear when complete.



Nurse Edith Cavell.



The cheque, which is made out to the London Hospital.

The cheque for £10,031 which *The Daily Mirror* and its readers have raised for the Nurse Cavell Memorial Fund was handed over to the governors of the London Hospital at the Mansion House yesterday. The money will be devoted to a home which is being built for nurses.

## A PRETTY ACTRESS.



Miss Peggy Kurton, who will appear in "Mr. Manhattan," the musical play, which is to be produced in London shortly. (Elwin Neame.)

## PORTRAITS OF MEN IN THE NEWS



Mr. T. McAra, chairman of the London Society of Compositors, who was sworn in a J.P. yesterday.

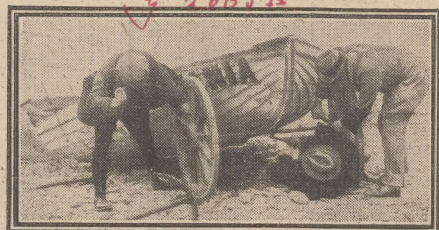


Captain R. A. Saunders (attached Royal Flying Corps), who has been killed in France. (Swaine.)



Captain T. H. Parry, M.P. for Flint, who has given up his salary. He has been wounded.

## A RELIC OF THE LUSITANIA.



Fixing a life raft from the sunken liner on wheels. It is to be taken on tour through England to collect money for the Mine-Sweepers' Fund.